No. 3,

(TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY)

OF THE

EMERALD.

FOR MAY 17, 1806.

Be thou the *first* our efforts to befriend;
His praise is lost who waits till *all* commend.

NOTICE.

THE last BOSTON MAGAZINE announced the intention of the proprietors to present future numbers on an enlarged plan. The paper of this evening is the commencement of a new series executed agreeably to that intimation. The superior convenience of its present form will prevent the alteration from being considered as the effect of capriciousness, and the facility it affords of extending their original and selected articles will ensure for the proprietors, if not praise, at least an apology. In altering the form it has been considered expedient to change the title, and the BOSTON MAGAZINE will hereafter be known to its patrons by the name of THE EMERALD. On a name adopted merely for distinction no remark need be hazarded, yet if any should inquire the cause of the alteration it will be found in the converse of that well known proposition that "*there is much virtue in a name.*" The proprietors have assurance that THE EMERALD shall be polished by the labours of the learned, and occasionally glitter with the gaiety of wit, and they trust it will be found worthy to shine as one among the gems, which sparkle in the regalia of literature. *They* will only answer for its being neatly *set* and making a pleasant appearance to the eye.

May 3.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG,
NO. 70, STATE STREET, OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.

1806.

MARRIAGES.

In New York, Mr, Thomas Parker, to Miss Mary Valleau, both of that city; Dr. Abraham Halsey, to Miss Lucretia Green.—At New-London, Mr. Stephen Peck, mer. to Miss Ann W. Green.—At White Plains, Mr. Isaac Valentine, aged 80, to Miss Fredenburg aged 18.—At Springfield, Mr. Benjamin Lamphear, of this town, to Mrs. Lucinda Ames.—At Providence, Mr. Thomas C. Brown, to Miss Sarah Carver, both of Taunton.

In this town, Mr. Andrew Trott, to Miss Eliza Payson; Mr. Isaac Prentiss to Miss Margaret Batterman.—Mr. Seth Jacobs, to Miss Sally Brackett.

DEATHS.

At sea, 23d Jan. on board the ship Diana, on her passage from Charleston to Africa, Capt. Francis Eliott; he has left a family in Portland, Mass.—At Havanna, on the 23d of April last, Nathaniel Fellows, esq. of this town, aged 63.

Lately, at Chilmark, on the island of Martha's Vineyard, the Rev. *Zachariah Mayhew*, in the 88th year of his age. His great grandfather, grandfather, father, and himself were missionaries to the Aboriginals of that island in succession. He was esteemed by all who knew him, for his eminent piety and most exemplary life, and a most zealous asserter of the civil and religious liberties of his country.

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
"Shall flourish when they sleep in dust,"

At Amesbury, Mr. Moses Bagely, aged 91. It is remarkable in the life of so aged a person, that he never, in the whole course of his life, was six miles from his dwelling, and always enjoyed uninterrupted health.—At Dorchester, on Tuesday evening, Mrs. Rebecca Morrow, wife of Mr. Wm. M. aged 55.

In Plymouth, (C.) Mrs. Catharine Clarke, aged 63; she went to bed in good health, and was found dead in the morning.—In Kingsbury, Mr. John Payson, aged 57: he set down to supper in usual health, and in about five minutes was a lifeless corpse.

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Codman, aged 33; Mr. Daniel Lotty, aged 49; Maria H. Goff, aged 2 years, daughter of Mr. Stephen Goff; Yesterday morning, Mr. William Hitchborn, aged 67; Mr. William Meinzies, aged 32.

☞ The printers of THE EMERALD have it in contemplation to procure all the newspapers and literary productions of merit, published in the United States and Europe, for the use of their friends, provided a convenient room can be found for the purpose.

WILLIAM WELLS,

Bookseller and Stationer,

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HAS just received by the London Ships,

A large variety of the best ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS, in every branch of Literature and Science.

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Almost every American publication of value, and a number of valuable French Books.

....Also....

PAPER, QUILLS AND STATIONARY in general.

May 17,

THE EMERALD.

....SEMPER REFULGET.....

No. 3.

Boston, Saturday, May 17, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Emerald.

THE WANDERER,
No. XXVIII.

The Story of ALMOZIN *of Bagdat.*

ALMOZIN was blessed above all the worshippers of Mahomet. The smile of happiness was cheering and constant as the rays of morning, and the tranquillity of his house even and uninterrupted as the stream that flowed by his door. His possessions were not so large as to raise the jealousy of the caliph, nor so small as to create contempt from the people. He occupied his time, in the humble concerns of private life, remarked for his honour and liberality, and for a strict observance of the prophet's commands. ALMOZIN had been repeatedly solicited to preside over the city of Bagdat, but he preferred the continuance of domestick pleasure to the allurements and pageantry of power. His wife was young, beautiful and affectionate; his child healthy, intelligent and dutiful; from them he experienced an affectionate tenderness, more gratifying than the palace of the Vizier, or the splendours of his court. Almozin was contented with the blessings, which Providence alloted him, and felt no other wish than that accident might never interrupt them.

There is a restlessness, however, in the human disposition which is seldom quieted by possession; not contented with present enjoyment, man is ever seeking a guarantee for the future; is alarmed by evils that may never arrive; distressed by accidents that may never happen; and frequently losing by his zeal what his patience would preserve.

In the neighbourhood of Bagdat resided a celebrated DERVISE,

The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell;
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well.

His uncommon rigidness of life had long been noticed as a proof of singular piety, and his sanctity of manners had procured for him the favour of supernatural communication: Chance carried Almozin near the place of his retirement, and curiosity led to inquiries, the answers to which his religion inculcated the necessity of believing.

The Dervise paused on the entrance of Almozin, and pronounced him a very unhappy man. A reception so different from what he expected, operated on his mind like the damps of evening on a delicate flower,—it chilled him to the soul. The Dervise, to make good his assertion, with much solemnity declared that the wife of Almozin would prove unworthy his confidence and love; that his son would join a faction against his lawful sovereign, and that Almozin himself, notwithstanding his present possessions, would shortly be reduced to poverty and wretchedness.

The Dervise thus opened the volume of futurity but darkness shadowed its page. Misery began to collect her damps round the head of Almozin, and he felt by anticipation all the horrors to which he was exposed. He returned home and was met by his wife with a smile, but he mistook the smile of affection for the hypocrisy of wantonness. His child would have clung round his knees, but he spurned him with rudeness as already a traitor. His friends came to visit him as usual, but the board of hospitality was no longer spread; his liberality was changed to a parsimonious meanness. Implicitly believing that the other predictions of the prophet would be fulfilled, he nevertheless endeavoured to delay the evil hour of poverty by means to which poverty was a stranger. Almozin was an altered man. His mind uneasy and restless squared with no scheme of happiness. He no longer returned the affection which the partner of his fortunes always exhibited, no longer did he regard the duties of a parent, no longer join the circles of friendship and hilarity; a gloomy and jealous malignity usurped the place of that candid and liberal deportment by which he had always been known.

Whether these alterations of character produced a similar alteration in his wife, his child and his acquaintance it is needless to inquire; most likely the prediction of the prophet was verified; if so, it was by the folly of Almozin and not by the wisdom of the Dervise. But whether the leaf of futurity, which the Dervise exhibited, was or was not torn from the book of fate, it produced in Almozin equal unhappiness; he was tortured by anticipations which destroyed the gratifications of the present, and distressed by expecting future evils, which if they happened would not have been *more* distressing and painful than the thoughts of their approach. He antedated the hour of misery and became wretched at the moment it was told him he should not always be happy.

The curiosity which burnt in the bosom of Almozin is found in greater or less degrees in every individual. There is a disposition universally manifested to look beyond the narrow limits, which enclose the powers of the mind; to read the unturned page of futurity, although the knowledge to be gained, like that acquired from the forbidden tree in paradise, is only an acquaintance with our own misfortunes, and a certain assurance of inevitable disasters. The present moment seldom brings with it sufficient amusement to gratify the comprehensive mind, that can range by anticipation through the boundless tract of futurity, or call by the powers of memory all the delights that have passed to embellish the scene it would adorn.

It is however a wise provision of Providence that man should be ignorant of future contingencies, that the decrees of fate should be shrouded by darkness, which no human eye can ever thoroughly penetrate. A knowledge of the difficulties to be incurred would deter from enterprize, prescience of the evils of life would destroy the desire of living, but uncertainty is now a motive for exertion, and precaution and prudence are virtues which this uncertainty creates.

Novelty is necessary for happiness; occurrences which it is known must inevitably happen, afford, if pleasant, less pleasure when they arrive, and if disagreeable, the evil, as in the case of Almozin, is increased by a dreadful anticipation of its pain. The events of futurity are purposely concealed; the cur-

tain that conceals them is like the ark of Israel, "he who touches it shall die." But though it be as improper to consult oracles, and soothsayers and fortunetellers as it is ridiculous to expect their responses will be true, yet it is not intended we should slumber in the darkness without exertion; room is given for those *calculations*, which keep the faculties of the soul in employment, and for that *imagination*, which, like a skilful painter, copies nature with such exquisite skill that the roughness of the rocks is softened into beauty; and the wildness of the cataract made delightful. The first is the energy of human strength—the force of genius—the bold, inimitable, original powers of the mind: the latter is the ornament, the amusement of life; a faculty intended to make its evil days less unhappy, and to prevent its pleasures from intoxicating the brain; a faculty which gives gratification by a mixture of contrarient emotions, by fear and hope, and anxiety and confidence united; a faculty whose power is destroyed by that knowledge which changes hope to assurance, or converts fear to despair. S.

For the Emerald.

INSOLENCE.

In proportion to the weakness of power is generally the insolence of command. Pleased with a "little brief authority" to which few will submit, the Subaltern assumes an importance at which every body smiles, and strives to guard his official consequence by supercilious and dogmatical manners.

The magistrate, whose jurisdiction is extensive and important, generally derives from the elevation of his office a corresponding elevation of conduct, and a proportionate liberality of mind. But the effect is different in lower ranks of authority. There, Insolence is a substitute for dignity and the little power possessed is exercised with all the vexations of tyranny to give proof of his importance and character.

The privateer's man is more insolent in examining your vessel than the commander of a man of war. The impertinence of the porter is more insufferable than the airs of his master, and the prisoner in the hands of a *Constable* is treated with ten thousand indignities, some of which he undergoes before the *Justice*, but has none to suffer in presence of the *Judge*. Whether it be that little offices are filled by men whose authority and understanding are on a level; or whether the well known proverb must be applied to for the cause, the effect is every where the same.

The abuse of power is seldom dangerous in the hands of those to whom our constitutions have entrusted the greatest share. They are commonly watched by the jealous malignity of rivalship. They have no inducement for small deviations, and no opportunity for large ones. But the petty larcenies, the small frauds which are committed by the epitomes of office, are more frequent because less noticed, and equally injurious because practised on those who have few opportunities for defence, and fewer for resentment.

But leaving the impertinence of office when it changes to imposition, view it in more harmless and more ludicrous forms.

Look on the Exchange—The strut, the air, the importance of the officer who is passing designates a commander of a man of war.—No indeed—he is either cockswain of

the castle barge, or tide-waiter at the custom house.

That man must be a Bank Director—he has the port of a capitalist, looks as though he sported millions. You are more correct in this supposition—He so far directs the bank as to have custody of the *door*, and can shut it in your face if you call "*after three o'clock P. M.*"

That man must be Chief Justice of the common law; his manner would impress you with ideas of unlimited authority; he passes without regarding the request that is made to him; has no ear for the importunities of plebeian inquisitiveness, but with the busy importance of immense responsibility seems concerned in a thousand avocations demanding incessant and deep consideration—Chief Justice!—He is—but probably when your first impression of surprise has subsided you will be at no loss to determine what he is.

Thus it is, that insignificance disguises its want of importance by assuming the appearance of incessant avocation, and thus the little authority with which humble individuals are clothed, is made to resemble the laced suit of a birth night assembly; but is tinsel instead of gold, and of little value though glittering to excess.

EMILIUS.

For the Emerald.

CROSS READINGS.

Lost yesterday evening, near the market—the Court and Jury, and seven eighths of the bar.

The wardens and vestry of Trinity church—have for sale ten pipes Brandy.

Whereas my wife Elizabeth—will perform for the last time this season.

It is expected that Congress are—turned adrift in the harbour.

To be sold by publick auction—Gouts, rheumatisms, consumptions—being a fresh assortment by the Spring importations.

The indian medicines have accomplished many cures—by virtue of a law of this Commonwealth.

Wanted in a private family—the culprits who broke from Charlestown prison.

The Piscataqua Bridge Lottery—has a fine breast of milk and good recommendations.

X.

[The following is a translation of a letter preserved by a heathen historian. It is an important document among the extraneous proofs of the real existence of our blessed Redeemer.]

An Epistle to the Senate of Rome in the days of Tiberius Cesar, concerning JESUS CHRIST, by Publius Lentilus, an officer of high rank in the Roman army then in Judea, and the only person of that nation who sent any account to Rome of so extraordinary an event as mentioned by *V. Paterculus*.

THERE appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named JESUS CHRIST, who is yet living amongst us, and of the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the son of God. He raiseth the dead, and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as the beholders may both fear and love: his hair is of the colour of the filbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears, but from his ears downward somewhat curled, and more orient of colour, waving about his shoulders: In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth; his face without spot or wrinkle, beautified with a

comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in colour to the hair of his head, not of any great length, but forked in the midst; of an innocent and mature look; his eyes clear and quick, in reproving he is terrible; in admonishing, courteous and fair spoken; pleasant in speech mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight, his hands delectable to behold. In speaking, very temperate, modest and wise. A man for his singular beauty, surpassing the children of men.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE LORD KENYON.*

[From the life of Lord Kenyon we select the following summary of his character.—It will be gratifying to the general scholar and to those *of the profession* who have had opportunities of admiring his extensive and profound knowledge of the law.]

Lord Kenyon, as a judge, appeared to much greater advantage, than as an advocate. The advocate's highest merit is to do the best he can for his client. On this account, he must assume a versatility of character: he must, at times, conceal truth, if he does not palliate vices. But the judge has a very different part to act: he preserves a greatness and an uniformity of character; he has but one law to go by; this adds strength to his remarks, and authority to his opinion.

.....Lord Kenyon was remarkably quick, and saw, almost with one glance of intuitive knowledge, into the real drift of a question, and how the purposes of substantial justice might best be answered. What he discovered, he would speedily execute: at times, his ideas seemed to crowd so closely for utterance, that he laboured for words to express himself; and his words were not always most judiciously selected; but his remaaks were pertinent, his intention was right, his morality was that of the gospel.

.....Other chief justices may have been profounder scholars; the decisions of justice may have been adorned with more graces of eloquence, and more luminous variety of illustrations; others have been more distinguished as political characters; but there never lived a lord chief justice, who more completely possessed and deserved the confidence of the publick. Implicit confidence is more than is due to any man; but confidence in moral worth, in sterling integrity, in tried abilities, and sincere regard to religion, was what Lord Kenyon eminently enjoyed. The nation at large were more than satisfied with him; they reposed in him, with a filial confidence that the great interests of morality, property, reputation and marriage, were safe where Lord Kenyon presided.

Lord Kenyon's death may be considered as a public misfortune; for he was a judge who never suffered his political opinions to bias his legal decisions; his religious principles, confirmed by deep reflection, chastened by humility, and enforced with zeal, gave a strength and a colour to his sentiments, which were in perfect unison with the laws of the land; and who, in no instance of his official conduct, allowed his sense of duty to be, in the smallest degree, counteracted by considerations of a private or personal nature.

* Lord Kenyon, born in 1733, at Gredington, in Flintshire. Died on the 2d of April, 1802, in the 69th year of his age.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS
And Original Remarks.

ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF FRENCH WRITERS IN GENERAL.

The French are a nation of philosophick enthusiasts. They have not patience enough to plod amid the perplexities of science, to examine with candour both sides of a question, and form frigid conclusions from preponderant evidence; but with all the ardour and volatility of men, whose souls are the inspiration of *feeling*, rather than *intellect*, they rhapsodize their readers into the most captivating ideas of the character of man, and are ever careful to leave them in love with the subject. Their theories seem to rise from the reveries of romance rather, than the researches of reason. They please, but seldom instruct. We read them, however, over and over again, with renovated delight, and wonder at the fairy fascination, that charms reason asleep.

INDEPENDENCE.

I loathe the spirit, that would fawn and cringe,
Though for the *universe*. What are worlds on worlds,
Systems on systems, and the void immense
To him, who has relinquish'd independence?
What were God himself, enthron'd sublime,
Far above worlds; the whole creation vast—
Wheel within wheel, revolving at his feet?
If 'mid this glory we could view him once
On any part dependent or the whole;
We'd spurn his worship and to bow the knee
In sullenness refuse. 'Tis independence
Makes him the object of our adoration,
Makes him Almighty, makes him God of gods,
Creation's Lord, the universe support!

Revenge.

Revenge is a kind of wild justice, which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For, as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly in taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior. It is a prince's part to pardon.

The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but let a man take heed, that the revenge be such, as there is no law to punish.

— *Ld. Bacon.*

He was reputed a wise man, who, when asked, when a man should marry, answered "a young man, not yet; an elder man, not at all."

— *Ibid.*

Remark on the English order of Maids of honour and Knights of the bed-chamber.

The family of the emperors was composed entirely of their domestick *slaves and freed men.* AUGUSTUS or TRAJAN would have blushed at employing the meanest of the Romans on those menial offices, which in the household and bed-chamber of a limited monarch, are so eagerly solicited by the proudest nobles of Britain. *Gibbon.*

Imagination.

Believe me, sage sir, you have not sufficient respect for the imagination. I could prove to you in a trice, that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions—animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring, taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of

reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies, that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords.

Mary Wollstonecraft.

Disappointment.

How am I altered by disappointment! When going to—ten years ago, the elasticity of my mind was sufficient to ward off weariness—and the imagination still could dip her brush in the rainbow of fancy and sketch futurity in smiling colours. Now I am going towards the North in search of sunbeams! Will any warm this desolated heart? All nature seems to frown, or rather mourn with me. Every thing is cold—cold as my expectations!

——— *Ibid.*

Death, preferred in an Inn.

Were I in a condition to stipulate with death, as I am at this moment with my apothecary—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think of the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself; but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house, but rather in some decent inn—At home—I know it—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affection shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper, which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention.

——— *Sterne.*

Diogenes the Cynick philosopher, being asked which was the best wine, made answer "that, which he drank at another man's cost."

Anecdote of Talleyrand.

During the Easter week, 1768, Talleyrand went with some debauched associates to a public brothel, kept in the *Rue Croix petits champs* by a woman of the name of *La Duboise*. He was there involved in a quarrel with some mousquetaires of the king's household troops, and in consequence of declining to give one of them the satisfaction demanded, he was thrown from a two pair of stairs window into the street, and both his legs were broken by the fall. Refusing to tell the *guet*, at that time the police soldiers at Paris, his name and place of abode, he was carried to the hospital, *Hotel Dieu*, where he remained four days, before the superior of the college and his friends could tell what had become of him. The lieutenant general of the police, influenced by his relatives, gave out that the fracture was produced by accident in the street, and ordered him to be removed back to the college. But there, by the confession of one of his associates, the real cause was already known, and his readmission therefore refused. It has been related, that when he was informed of his disgrace, though lying on a bed of sickness, he flew into a passion, swearing that it should not be for want of his active endeavours and *philosophical* zeal, if twenty five years afterwards Christian teachers and Christian pupils were still found in France, or if Christian churches were not changed into theatres and Christian

colleges, into broths. That he has kept his word, France has experienced and all Europe can attest.

Mem. of C. M. Talleyrand.

Remarks on Queen Elizabeth.

Of this Queen I may say, that as the rose is the queen of flowers and smelleth more sweetly when it is plucked from the branch; so I may say and justify, that she by just desert was the Queen of queens and of kings also, for religion, piety, magnanimity and justice; who now by remembrance thereof, since Almighty God gathered her to himself, is of greater honour and renown, than when she was living in this world. You cannot question what rose I mean; for take the red or the white, she was, not only by royal descent and inherent birth right, but by *roseal* beauty also, heir to both. *Ld. Coke.*

Bons Mots of Swift's STELLA.

We were diverting ourselves at a play, called *What is it like?* One person is to think, and the rest, without knowing the thing, to say what it is like. The thing thought on was the spleen. She said, it was like an *oyster*, and gave her reason immediately, *because it is removed by taking* STEEL INWARDLY.

Dr. Sheridan, who squandered more than he could afford, took out his purse as he sate by the fire, and found it was very hot, she said, the reason was, that *his money burnt in his pocket.*

Stella called to her servants to know what ill smell was in the kitchen? We are making *matches*, was the answer: Matches, said she, are made in heaven, but, by the brimstone, one would think they were made in hell.

The two maxims of any great man at Court are, always to keep his countenance, but never to keep his word.

HUMOUROUS ANECDOTE,

From Memoirs of

CHARLES LEE LEWIS.

It is very aptly remarked by Dr. Johnson, that, notwithstanding the numbers who daily depart from the theatre of life, "*nobody is missed:*" to no profession does this observation appear more analogous than to that of a player. One tragedian dies and another steps into his buskins: Mr. Suet drops, but Lord Duberly lives, and occasions as great a roar of laughter as ever. In short, our own experience is sufficient to convince us, that, in the profession of a player particularly, "*nobody is missed.*"—

Linnet, while at Hammersmith with his company, expressed a desire to play at Chelsea, but he was informed it was under the controul of a very inflexible magistrate, particularly averse to giving any encouragement to plays or any other amusements.

However, notwithstanding this alarming and seeming insurmountable difficulty, Linnet met with a friend, a gentleman, who wrote a warm recommendatory letter for him to the obdurate magistrate, and gave him assurance of his meeting with success.

Much elated with this encouragement, Linnet boldly pushed to the Justice's house, directing his whole company to proceed to Chelsea, and order a dinner at the Swan, and regale themselves. This mandate was cheerfully complied with, and the eventful letter was delivered according to direction. But what was the purport of this letter! Instead of that which should secure a welcome and support, it was one that menaced the reader with a sudden scene of horror.—'Tis proper to explain.

Then thus it was:—"The comedy of *The Bold Stroke for a Wife* had been played a few nights before, and old Linnet, resolving on this occasion to make a grand appearance, had put on the stage waistcoat he had worn in the *Colonel*, in one of the pockets of which was a letter, supposed to be sent by the *Colonel's* friend to *Obadiah Prim*, on hearing that the real *Simon Pure* was actually come, which if not timely prevented must ruin the *Colonel's* design upon the cautious quaker. Judge of the magistrate's surprise on opening the supposed letter of recommendation, when he found it began thus:

"*There is a design formed to rob the house and cut your throat.*"——The Justice rang his bell—a servant appeared—"Where is the man that brought this letter?" "In the hall, Sir." "Call him up directly." While the servant was employed in going to fetch up the unconscious culprit, old Quorum read on—

"*The gang, whereof I am one, though now resolved to rob no more,*"—here old Linnet made his appearance——"Well, friend," says the Justice, "you belong to the *gang*: how many are there of you?" "We are fourteen in all, Sir." "Fourteen! and where are you all?"——"At Tool's, Sir—at the Swan." "Indeed! Oh, very well, you have all your tools at the Swan, have you? I'll take care of you and your tools presently." Many thanks, Sir;—Squire ....., told me you would encourage us." "Aye was it he sent you to my house?" "Yes, Sir."—"Well, and when do you intend to begin this grand affair?"—"We always begin about seven o'clock, Sir."——"You do! here Thomas, here, seize immediately this daring hardened old villain; he and his whole gang are coming to rob and murder my family this night, and all their horrid tools are at the Swan publick house!"——"I did not think this of you," says the servant to Linnet. "What, do you know the fellow, Sirrah?"——"Yes, Sir, he is the master of the play." "A player! and are you not an open and an avowed murderer?" "O Lord Sir! what do you mean?" "Look at this letter, you hang dog! Did not you deliver this to me?"——Who can describe the innocent Linnet's astonishment upon the discovery of the mistake! "Oh, dear Sir, I beg your pardon, here is Squire ....'s letter; I hope this will satisfy you." "Hold him till I see what's here."——On the perusal of the real letter, his worship's countenance was changed from a savage ferocity to a most placid smile. He immediately dismissed the innocent aggressor, with full permission for his performing; at the same time giving him this piece of wholesome advice—never to forget his part again.

GAMESTER.

Unhappy is that mortal that has imbibed a love for play; so powerful is that seductive passion, that every consideration of propriety, affection, consanguinity, friendship, and virtue, falls before this all-destroying leviathan, the offspring of sordid Avarice, which, swallowing all the nobler sensations of the soul, robs Justice of her balance, Valour of her sword, and Pity of her tear. The professed gamester feels no commiserating pangs for the wide spreading ruin his favourite vice occasions. He views with hardened callosity and freezing apathy, the wretched man he has despoiled, writhing under the tortures of self-condemnation, agonized by the stings

of remorse, that goad him on to desperation, as he reflects on returning to the wife he loves, whom he has made a beggar; and how he shall receive the innocent caresses of her children, by his pernicious vices, deprived of the inheritance of their forefathers.

From London Papers.

MOTTOS BY FOOTE.

Motto for a Physician.—Being asked by a lady to translate a physician's motto, which was "*A numine salus*," he quickly replied, "*God help the patient!*"

Appropriate Motto.—During one of Foote's trips to Dublin, he was much solicited by a silly young man of fashion to assist him in a miscellany of poems and essays he was about to publish; but when he asked to see the manuscrips, the other told him—"That at present he had only *conceived* the different subjects, but had put none of them to paper." "O! if that be the case," cried Foote, "I will give you a motto from Milton, for the work in its present state:

"Things unattempted yet in prose or verse."

Davenport the Tailor.——This man, who acquired a considerable fortune with a good character, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English?" asked the wit; "Poh! English to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar."—"Then I have one from Hamlet, that will match you to a *button-hole*: "*List! list! oh, list!*"

An Irish estate has been recently advertised, with temptations to a purchaser, of no ordinary kind.—It consists of two baronies, the future prospects of which are set forth by stating, that one of them is let for *nine hundred years*, and the other on "a lease *for ever*; at the expiration of which terms, both the said baronies will be capable of prodigious improvement!"

A foreigner, in his remarks on this country, says—"By the laws of England a man and his wife may carry on business—*separately*."

Three persons have been put into the *stocks* by order of the Mayor of Limerick, for refusing to take *real mint half pence!* These good Hibernian shop-keepers seem to have preferred an *interest* in the *stocks* to mere *hard cash*.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The articles judiciously *selected* by a Lady are inserted with pleasure. They denote an elegant and refined taste, which could give a lively interest to original communications.

Cross readings are not always worth reading at all; if original and pointed a few may not be unpleasing.

We have the pleasure this evening of introducing to our readers several beautiful songs from the glowing pen of a native poet. They will be followed by others of the same style. We trust they will not be neglected because they original or despised because they are American. We should venture to place some of them by the side of Shenstone, and invite the literary botanist to compare others with the flowers, which Lord Strangford has collected from the genius of Camoens.

"*The Rose*" is in full bloom; the thorn of the last verse will wound the part to which it is applied.

Selim has taken a circuitous journey in search of "*peace and contentment*," we doubt, however, whether he has yet arrived at their residence.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

PLEASURE'S HARK AWAY.

Tune.....The Card invites.

WHEN Phebe mounts the evening skies,
Then let the jovial crew arise;
And free from sorrow's iron sway,
Huzza for *Pleasure's hark away.*

Now sound aloud your strepent joys,
For mirth exists but in a noise.
Then laugh from night till morning grey,
And shout for *Comus' hark away.*

Now pass about the jocund bowl,
For wine exhilarates the soul,
Let every guest with joy obey,
When *Bacchus* sounds the *hark away.*

How sweet to join the gallant chace,
When love's the game and female grace,
Where all their strength & skill display,
And *Beauty* sounds the *hark away.*

Your flutes, your horns, your tabors bring,
Your songs of mirth and pleasure sing;
Quick let the merry musick play,
And join *Apollo's hark away.*

Then still in revelry advance,
And drink and laugh and sing & dance,
Till rosy east proclaims the day.
Huzza for *Pleasure's hark away.*

AMARANTHUS

For the Emerald.

SONG.

FROM WINE ROSY WINE.

Tune.....*Dear Tom this brown jug.*

FROM wine, rosy wine, what advantages rise,
Sole arbiter this in disputes of the wise,
The sons of Apollo and Venus from this
Imbibe inspiration & snatch at their bliss.

The sportsman adventures o'er mountains and dales,
Subduing the game, 'tis the wine that prevails;
The victor pursues till no foe can escape,
Less aided by Mars than the juice of the grape.

And hence the young lover possest of his maid,
To Cupid returns little thanks for his aid,
Not attributing all his successes divine,
To the force of his passion, but strength of his wine.

Then let no malicious intrusion destroy
The ties of affection, the smiles of our joy;
But suffer this goblet your anger to wave,
And end the disputes of the wise and the brave.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

BANISH SORROW.

TO be truly blest, believe me,
Seize the happy hour of youth;
Time in promise will deceive thee,
Present pleasures speak the truth.

Time's the harbinger of sorrow;
Care's the daughter of delay;
Never trust the wretch to-morrow,
But be truly blest to-day.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

TO LUCY.

THOUGH thine eyes as brilliants sparkle,
Though thy lips with rubies vie—
'Twas not lips, that vie with rubies
Nor the lustre of thine eye,
That taught my bosom first to sigh!

No 'tis not that bright complexion,
Rival to the new blown rose,
Nor thy gently heaving bosom,
Whiter than descending snows;
For which my heart thus fondly glows!

'Tis not all thy witching graces,
That around thee, ever play,
Nor thy voice, so sweetly warbling,
Many a wildly pensive lay,
That can drive my cares away!

Charms all these far, far surpassing,
Taught my bosom first to sigh,
A soul replete, with virtue, honour,
Truth and sensibility,
And sorrow-soothing sympathy!

Hence have sprung these soft impressions,
Tender, constant, and sincere,
Which for thee I fondly cherish,
Form'd my future life to cheer—
More lov'd more lovely every year!

W.

For the Emerald.

THE ROSE.

"What muse for Granville would refuse to sing?"

At morning's cheerful hour
O'erdeck'd with pearly dew,
Within a garden's fragrant bow'r
Two lovely roses blew.

The blush that warms fair beauty's face,
With tints of vermeil dye,
On one was spread with richest grace,
Enchanting to the eye.

The gentle smiles, that softly play,
On sorrow's tearful cheek,
Compos'd the other's sweet array,
Endearing, mild and meek.

With features sweetly sad, forlorn,
A tender, thoughtful maid,
To breathe the sweets of blushful morn,
Within the garden stray'd.

A tear stole silent from her eye,
A tear of secret grief;
Her bosom heav'd a gentle sigh,
But ah! without relief.

Her sigh soft whisper'd to the gale
The sorrows of her mind;
The whisp'ring breeze blew on the tale,
But left her pangs behind.

She saw the flow'rs of richest hue,
That grac'd the thorny bush;
She mark'd the drops of pearly dew,
That slept on ev'ry blush.

But ah! the rose of fairest charms
Its sweetness breath'd in vain,
To lure the pensive fair one's arms,
Her melting kiss to gain.

She view'd with pitying, tearful eye
The flow'r so sadly pale;
And lov'd the more, its languid dye,
So like her own sad tale.

She prest her lips on ev'ry leaf
And kiss'd the dew away,
While down her cheek the tears of grief
C-ept on each feeble ray.....

To him, the moral of my lay
I leave, tho' felt, unsung,
Whose wish "*a rival*" to portray
The muse's lyre new strung.

LEANDER.

ON A BEAUTIFUL GIRL,

by Mr. Sheridan.

Mark'd you her eye, of heav'nly blue,
Mark'd you her cheek, of roseate hue;
That eye in liquid circles moving,
That cheek, abash'd at man's approving:
The one love's arrows, darting round,
The other blushing at the wound.

Selected for the Emerald.

FOR MOTHERS.

When the fond mother bending o'er his charms
Clasps her fair nursling in delighted arms,
Throws her thin 'kerchief from her neck of snow,
And half unveils the pearly orbs below,
With sparkling eye the blameless plunderer owns
Her soft embraces and endearing tones,
Seeks the salubrious fount with open lips,
Spreads his enquiring hands—and smiles, and sips.
Connubial fair! whom no fond transport warms,
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bless'd in vain with humid bosoms, hear
His tender wailing, with unfeeling ear;
The soothing kiss, and *milky rill* deny
To his sweet pouting lip and glist'ning eye;
Ah what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The elder bolster & embroider'd woof:
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitying plains,
And many a tear the tassled cushion stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his soul to rest;
So soft no pillow, as his mother's breast:
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers
The cherub innocence, with smiles divine,
Shuts his bright eyes and sleeps on *beauty's shrine!*

EPIGRAM ON KILLING TIME.

Kill time to day; and, to your sorrow,
He'll stare you in the face to-morrow:
Kill him again, in any way,
He'll plague you still from day to day;
Till, in the end, as is most due,
Whom oft *you kill*.....at last *kills you.*

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